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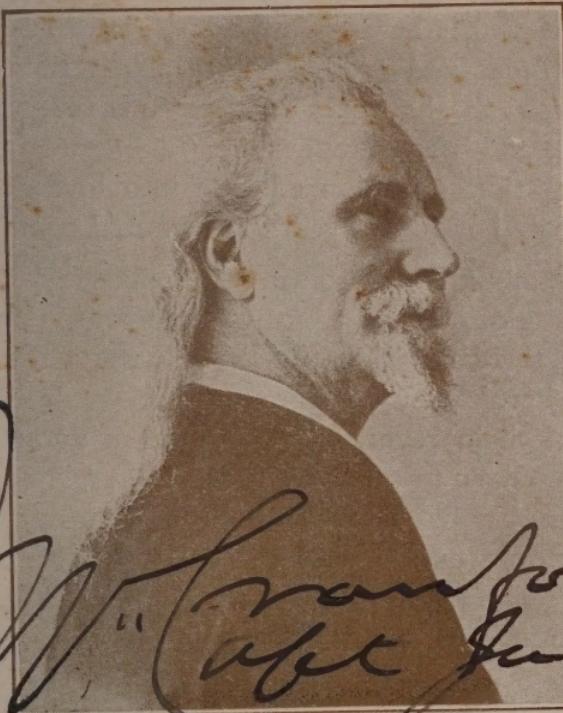
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A Prayer and a Benediction

AT THE

GRAND REUNION OF THE
BLUE AND THE GRAY



ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

July 4th And Other Poems, 1913
FROM HIS NEW BOOK

BY

COMRADE CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD
THE POET SCOUT, AND ORIGINAL BOY SCOUT

56 West 104th St. N.Y.C.

A PRAYER AND A BENEDICTION

at the

Grand Reunion of the Blue and the Gray on the
Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg

by

COMRADE CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD,
The Poet Scout, and Original Boy Scout

Almighty, exalted, Commander-in-Chief,
Dear Father, all wise, of the Blue and the Gray
The Old Guard is here—'tis the last grand relief
Of comrades and brothers who muster today.
And if from the heavenly ramparts above
Old Abe and brave Stonewall can look down they'll see
The great transformation of hate into love;
'Tis what they all prayed for, Grant, Logan and Lee.
And while our great nation is thankful today
For our glorious salvation, while counting the cost,
There's a tie that is binding the Blue and the Gray
In the heroic army of braves that we lost.
Tho' lost, we in reverence cherish each name,
And are eager to tell of the deeds they have done,
While in Northland and Southland their glory and fame
Are pictured and told in the battles they won.
Half a century has passed, and we muster today
But a thin line of boys that we mustered of yore,
And millions rejoice that the Blue and the Gray
Are united beneath the old banner once more.
And we who survived, who returned from the fight,
Would ask Thee, commander above once again,
To watch here our actions, that we in thy sight
May show that our comrades did not die in vain.
Dear comrades and brothers, the widow is here,
The mother, the sister, in prayerful mood,
They come with a wreath and a memory dear
For the grave of the loved ones who here shed their
blood.

The sons and the daughters of Gray and of Blue
Are here with our bright-eyed grandchildren today,
They met since the conflict—to meet was to woo,
And to win; Cupid captured the Blue and the Gray.

God pity the hand that would strive to suppress
The growing affection that comes with the years;
May it live in its glory and never grow less
As our thin rank the shore of eternity nears,
Raise your thoughts towards heaven, my brothers in Gray,
And in hallowed fancy a picture you'll see,
Looking down upon us from the bright realms today
Are Lincoln and Jackson, Grant, Sherman and Lee.

* * * * *

And now, as beneath dear old Glory we gather,
Inspired by the eyes of those heroes above,
Let this be our slogan, our motto, dear Father;
Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, Love.
Inspire with Thy blessing our love for each other,
Keep us ever beneath Thy most merciful ken,
And strengthen the love ties as brother meets brother
Thru our few years remaining on earth-soil, Amen.

WITH SURVIVORS BLUE AND GRAY IN THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

After fifty years, July 1st, 1913.
By Capt. Jack Crawford, The Poet Scout

O, hallowed ground; Deep hidden in thy breast
In dreamless slumber in eternal rest,
A silent army lies, who at high flood
Of war sealed their devotion with their blood.
Here where a drama rife with death was staged,
Where battle in ungoverned fury raged,
Lies all that's mortal of heroic braves
Who strove with comrades to drive back the waves

That sought to crush the living wall that rose
Between their country's life and desp'rate foes.
In heat of battle in the deadly fray
They gave no thought to loved ones far away,
Thought not of home and its endearing charms;
Their only thought that strength be given their arms
To stay in its onrushing, maddening course
The flood of almost overpowering force
That sought to sweep them back. As barricade
They stood undaunted, fearless, undismayed,
In drifting clouds of stifling battle smoke,
While screaming shells in fury 'round them broke.
And leaden balls, as hissing snakes, flew past
As hailstones driven by a tempest blast.
These lying here at rest were doomed to fall
And lie as fragments broken from the wall
That in defiance met the furious flood
And beat it back, its wake besmeared with blood.
Here let them rest, the nation's honored dead,
In tombs with flowers of memory o'erspread;
In consecrated ground, made doubly blest
By golden tribute from a man possessed
Of soul that glowed with sympathetic love
For all mankind; one who from realms above
May now look down upon this sacred spot
And bless the transformation peace has wrought
The immortal Lincoln. Joyful tears may rise
From hidden fountains of his kindly eyes
To see the Blue and Gray as brothers stand,
Heart closely linked to heart, hand clasped in hand,
Beneath a flag above their heads unfurled
That holds the admiration of the world.
And when at last our earthly work is done
Oh, God of Grant and Lee and Washington,
May love of God and country still increase
With Justice and the Truth—"Let Us Have Peace."

AT GETTYSBURG, 50TH ANNIVERSARY
"Hello There, Johnnie!"
By JOHNNIE CRAWFORD, "Captain Jack"

Hello, there, Johnnie, Howdy do?
Glad to have a shake with you—
Glad to meet you, whole lot more
Than I was in days o' yore
When the Yankee an' Confed
On the field was swappin' lead,
When we met then, me an' you.
'Twasn't with a "Howdy-do"?
Or a cheery-like "Hello,"
With an outstretched hand, Ah, no.
Met with guns a-spittin' lead,
Feet 'most tangled 'mongst the dead,
Eyes 'most scorched with battle fire,
Faces Satan would admire,
Yells a-mixin' with the air
'Nuff to raise a dead man's hair,
Bullets flyin' thick as hail
In a furious summer gale,
Shells a-singin' songs that we
Didn't hear with no degree
Of intoxicated joy
In our brave souls. Eh, ol' boy?
Mebbe it was me that sent
Out a chunk o' lead hell bent
Causin' that ol' wooden peg
Where you ust to wear a leg
Mebbe musket in your grip
Downed me with a shattered hip
Giving me a cause fur sayin'
Things that didn't sound like prayin',
Well ol' boy, I'm glad we've met;
Put 'er thère again; you bet
If a foreign foe should dare
To insult that ol' flag there,

Tho' we're oldish, me an' you
'd try to beat each other to
Anything t'd shoot an' light
Out a-spillin' fur a fight
Keen as when we worked a gun
'Gainst each other. Eh, ol' son?

HOOD'S CHILDREN

TO MY COMRADES — BROTHERS OF THE BLUE AND GRAY,
AT THE REUNION AT GETTYSBURG, JULY, 1913

Thirty-four years ago, while breakfasting in a San Francisco hotel with Tom Keene the famed actor and ex-union soldier then leading man at the California Theatre in San Francisco, he handed me a morning paper which he had been reading, and with moisture in his eyes said:—

“Jack, there is something that will, I know, touch a tender spot in your sympathetic heart. Read it.”

It was the telegraphic story of the death of Ex-Confederate General John B. Hood and his devoted wife, who had fallen victims of the dread scourge, yellow fever, at New Orleans, leaving eleven orphaned children. That same evening I attended a meeting of Lincoln Post of the Grand Army of the Republic as a visiting comrade, and when “the good of the order” was reached in the ritualistic work I was called upon to address the meeting. I read the Hood story, and then said in substance that when Lee tendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox the war was over with all good soldiers north and south, and if Lincoln Post wanted to do a great patriotic act and would co-operate with me I would get up a benefit for the orphaned children of our late enemy and would guarantee to raise from \$500 to \$1,000 for the destitute ones. Without any objection the suggestion was unanimously concurred in and a committee, consisting of Comrades C. Mason Kinnie and Col. Lyon, was appointed to aid me in the charitable work. After the meeting the committee and myself looked up Col. Flourney, an Ex-Confederate officer, and he gladly joined us.

The next day we visited the Baldwin Theatre, where James O’Neil and his dramatic company were playing an engagement, and found the company on the stage at a rehearsal. Acting as spokesman for the committee I told Mr. O’Neil the story of Hood’s children and asked if he and his company would not donate their services at a performance for the benefit of the orphans. Without a moment’s hesitation he replied:

“Yes, two benefits if necessary.”

Then turning to his company he asked, “What say you, ladies and gentlemen?”

Rose Coghlan was the first to speak, and in that fine dramatic voice of hers she said—"I will give my services with all my heart."

Louis Morrison, C. B. Bishop, Lou and Alice Harrison, Nina Varion and all the lesser lights of the company followed, each voicing his or her willingness to contribute to the aid of the children.

On the afternoon of the evening before the benefit, I was informed by the committee that I must make a speech before the curtain at the performance. I demurred, saying I was not an orator, and then Col. Flourney ordered me to my room under guard, and I was to be held there until I had written a poem worthy of, and to be read by myself on the occasion. A few hours later, I was on the stage facing an immense audience, telling the story and reciting the poem, Tom Keene holding my manuscript to prompt me if I should "fall down."

I am proud of the fact that I was able to bring about that great benefit, proud of the fact that in the preliminary work was perhaps seen the first Fraternal reunion of the Blue and the Gray, and I feel that this incident will be a fitting story to be told at our great reunion at Gettysburg the coming year; the Blue and the Gray under one flag—Old Glory. The poem is here given:

Dear comrades and friends in the Golden land
You may say I'm rough, you may call me wild,
But I have a heart and a willing hand,
To feel and to work for a soldier's child.
Do you think I ask on which side he fought
If man and soldier his record was good?
For, tho' our Union was dearly bought,
All hatred is buried with Hooker and Hood.

And comrades, I'll tell you right here to-night,
The men most bitter against the Gray,
Are the men who never were seen in a fight,
But who always got sick on a fighting day.

But with soldiers, my friends, it is not so,
They respect each other, the Gray and the Blue,
Nor are they ashamed that the world should know
How they stood by their colors, brave men and true.

Was Jackson ashamed when he knelt to pray
For the cause which he believed before Heaven was just,
While marching his half-starved boys in Gray
On an ear of corn, and a single crust?
Was Lee ashamed when he tendered his sword
To Grant, who refused the warrior's steel,
Who said "Your horses shall be restored
For braver never wore spurs to heel"?

Oh, generous hearts in the Golden State
You are forging the links of a Union chain,
That will cable one end at the Golden Gate,
And will circle the States to the gulf swept main.
A chain that will bind us, the Blue and the Gray,
In a union of purpose that God will approve,
In love that grows strong in adversity's day,
And in hearts that will stand by the flag we all love.

The past, it is dead, but we cannot forget it,
And comrades, we wouldn't forget if we could,
And as for myself, I shall never regret it,
This poor little service I render for Hood.
His loved ones will not be distressed nor discarded,
And tonight I am proud of a share in the stock,
I shall feel as a soldier, I'm fully rewarded,
By one little prayer from his innocent flock.

One little prayer from the loved ones we foster,
His latest bequest to his comrades in peace,
While the pale hand of death wrote his name on the
roster,
And the angel on guard gave his spirit release.
Dear comrades, let charity's mantle enfold them,
Old Abe had no malice, no hate in his soul,
On the ramparts above let us hope to behold them,
While Washington musters each name on the roll.

Fraternally yours,
JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD,
"Capt. Jack."

OLD GLORY

Gettysburg Fiftieth Anniversary

O, beautiful emblem of Liberty's tree!
Dear Star spangled gem, of the land of the free!
I love thee, old glory, with love that is true,
And as pure as the stars in thy heavenly blue,
There's no flag like my flag, there's no flag like thine,
My countrymen, comrades, and brothers of mine.
'Tis kissed by the breezes, by angels caressed,
Beloved by the North, by the South, East and West.
'Tis striped like the rainbow, like rays of the sun,
When daylight is fading and morning is young,
And each brilliant star, shooting out when unfurled,
Sends flashes of hope to the oppressed of the world.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

A SUNSHINE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passin' of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye' .
An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

"Capt. Jack."



WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly
noise—

Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals an' boys,
All a rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin'
thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' here but bricks an' mortar, towerin' overhead
so high

That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky,
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in
sight,

Nothin' but the buildins' shadder makin' gloom of
Heaven's light.

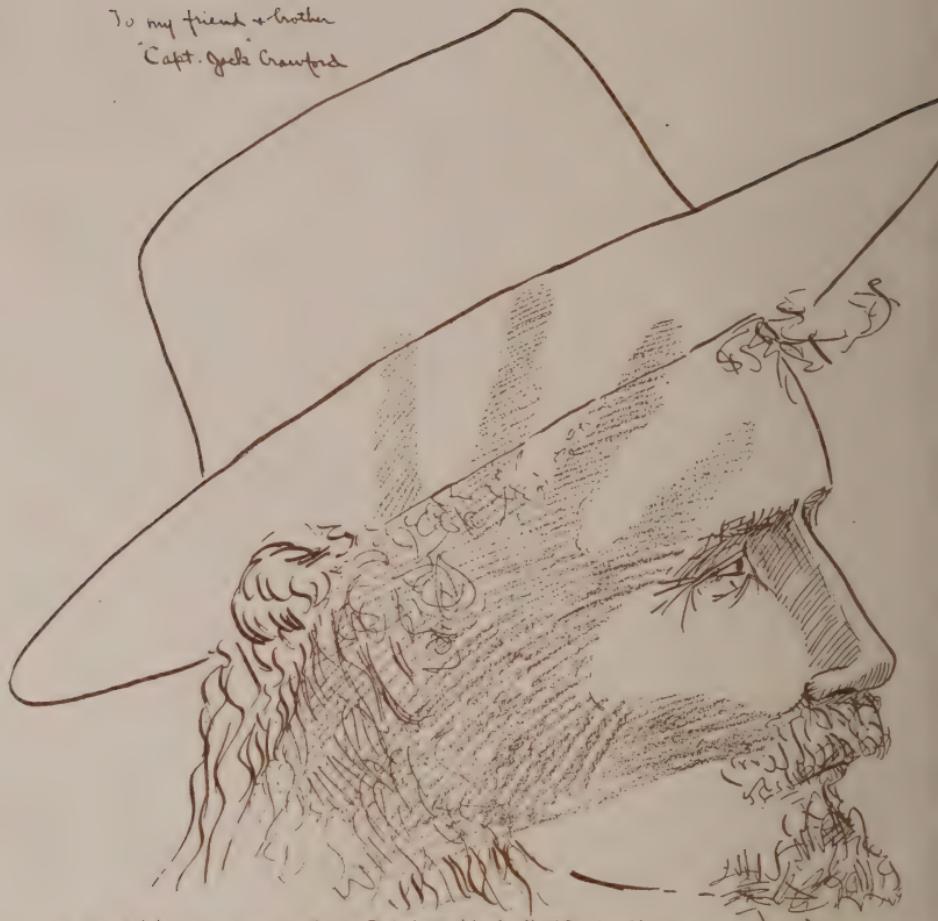
E'en the birds are all imported from away across the
sea—

Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen
 all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their
 haste.
Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' through the streets
 with deafen'n' roar,
Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from
 Sheol's shore;
Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' 'long the din to
 swell;
Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lying 'bout the goods
 they sell,
Like it? No. I love to wander
 'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
 In the border land out yonder,
 Whar' the hand o' God is seen.
Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the
 air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a-singin' every-
 where;
Deer a playin' in their gladness, elks a feedin' in the
 glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o'
 men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an'
 lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountain dells an'
 bowsers.
 Fairer picture the Creator
 Never threw on earthly screen,
 Than this lovely home o' Natur'
 Whar the hand o' God is seen.

To my friend & brother
Capt. Jack Crawford



Do I like your pome Cap'dan? Well, it's likely that I should,
'Cause it's of the kind that happen when I'm writin' purty good.
I'm accustom'd most to mockin' with my parodies like this
Which I'll slip into your stockin' thro the kindness of Old Kris'
An' I hope you'll understand it, and the liberty I took
With your pome book when I brand it, as the equal of The Book.

Like it? Hoo, I love it rather
And I know just what you mean
When you sing about the country
Whar the hand o' GOD is seen

For I've lived here, in the city, since the day that I was born,
But the good GOD in his pity sent such broncho souls as you're
To depict the different phases of His country way out West
In a way that sort o' raises that thar place above the rest
Don't you think whar there's a home that the hand of GOD is thar?
Not a-pickin' on your pome - Ain't His Hand most everywhar?

Like it? Hoo, I love it rather,
And you know just what I mean
When I say it's in the mind o' man
The Hand o' GOD is seen.

HENRY
CLAY
FRANC
XMAS
'11

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!

A MEMORIAL DAY SONG

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy warfare is o'er,
War's dread alarms shall wake thee no more;
Sleep, calmly sleep, 'neath the flowery sod,
Waiting the reveille sounded from God.
Over thy resting-place bright flowers we twine,
Gratitude's emblems on loyalty's shrine.
Fruits of thy valor we gratefully reap:
Union and Liberty—Sleep, sleep, sleep.

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of spring
Loving hands hither bring,
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep, sleep.

Rest, soldier, rest! Thy peace thou hast earned
On the red fields where the battle fires burned;
Rest, sweetly rest, for a-weary wert thou
Winning the laurels which circled thy brow.
Soon will the trumpeter wake thee again,
Sounding Assembly on Heaven's bright plain;
There with thy comrades in realms of the blest,
Through all eternity, rest, sweet rest.

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of spring
Loving hands hither bring,
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep, sleep.



Yours,

In clouds or sunshine,

*John Wallace. Crawford
Capt. "Jack"*

TO MY FRIENDS—GREETING

In presenting this revised and enlarged edition of my poems, I feel it to be a duty to express my heartfelt thanks to all who purchased copies of the first edition, and especially to the good friends who ordered autographed copies directly from me. In nearly four hundred books of the first edition of one thousand copies I wrote an original verse, or verses, and from among those who secured the autographed copies I have received over a hundred letters, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

“My Dear Jack:

“A thousand dollars could not tempt me to part with your delightful book and the two charming verses on the fly leaf. It will be a valuable souvenir to my children and to theirs. Find enclosed my check for \$4.50, for which please send autographed copies to— (names of friends).

“A. S. BURT, Brig. Gen., U. S. A., Retired.
“Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1911.”

Having added a number of poems to this edition, among which is my “Toast To Woman,” I am hoping that many of my friends will order copies. While I cannot write verses and attach my autograph to all copies ordered, I shall take pleasure in autographing every book ordered through me.

I now own the plates from which the former book was printed, as well as the copyright, and hence am able to quote a much lower rate per copy than formerly. The cost of the book, bound in cloth, gold stamped, will be but One Dollar. Address all orders to

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD,
56 West 104th Street, New York.

NOTE

The following poems have been added and will be found in the back part of the book:

“Scouting for Shadow-graphs.”	“The Gift of Song.” “Satisfied.”
“Hood’s Children” (a story and a poem).	“The Sunshine State.” “If I But Can.”
“For Ninety Years.”	“A Toast to Woman” (by special request).
“Lincoln’s One Hundredth Anniversary.”	“Just a Tip.”

The New York Lyceum Bureau

No. 56 West 104th Street, New York

Desires to call the especial attention of managers and committees to the fact that it has exclusive control of the time of

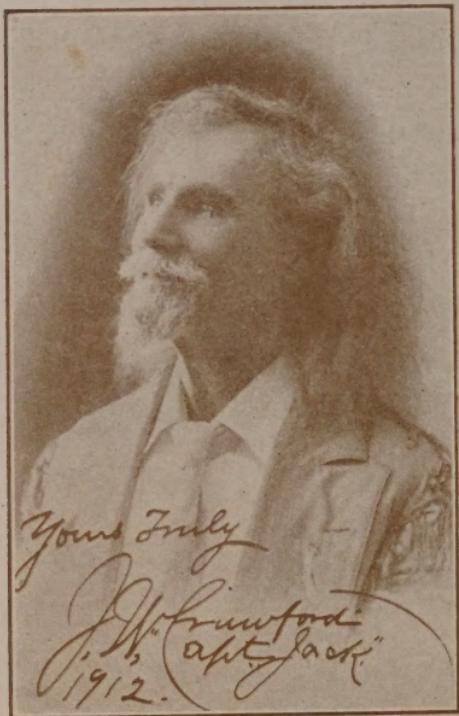
Capt. Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout"

The most original, most versatile and magnetic entertainer on the American platform; the man who inspires his audiences with the golden sunshine of his optimistic nature.

We have made of this truly wonderful son of the breezy West a special feature for Chautauquas, Lyceum Courses, Progressive Clubs, Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A.'s and all Fraternal Organizations desiring a Unique Entertainment.

Capt. Jack's life history stands forth as a thrilling chapter in the annals of American manhood. Committees applying direct will be given the very best possible terms. As a course opener he has no single-handed superior and often draws more money at the door than pays his fee, aside from the advance sale of season or single tickets. The success of the season often depends upon a good opening attraction.

Here is the Very Best Possible Illustration, One of the Latest Voluntary Credentials



Petrolia, Pa., 3, 28, 13.
New York Lyceum Bureau
Gentlemen: Capt. Jack
Crawford, "The Poet Scout,"
appeared here Friday evening,
February 28th, to the
largest Lyceum audience in
the history of the course,
drawing \$69.55 door sales, in
addition to the regular sea-
son ticket holders.

We have immediately
booked Capt. Jack for a re-
turn date the evening of
Memorial Day, when we ex-
pect an audience of the ca-
pacity of the house.

Sincerely yours,
PETROLIA LECTURE
COURSE COMMITTEE,
C. R. Dougherty, Secretary.

NOTE—The new and en-
larged edition of Captain
Jack's book, "Where The
Hand O' God Is Seen," is off
the press. The price has
been reduced from \$1.50 to
\$1.00, despite the fact that
the book is much larger.
All who desire an auto-
graphed copy will receive
same, postpaid, by ordering
direct from this office.

E. L. COX, Manager,
56 West 104th St., N. Y.

A GREAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT